

## Encounters

A young girl approaches you on the street, tears welling in her eyes. "My brother and I were playing near the spider caves and he fell down a hole! Now he's trapped down there and I can't get him out! Please, you have to help him!" The very sight is enough to make you tear up yourself.

Help the girl rescue her brother.

She takes you to the hole and you begin down its dank, narrow cavern, following the unmistakable sound of a child's weeping. You follow it to its source and find a small, teary-eyed boy covered in thick spider webs. You easily remove him from the webbing and make your way out of the cave. As soon as you exit the hole, the sister runs and embraces her brother. "Thank you so much!" she says, beaming. They wave goodbye and immediately return to playing amongst the dangerous spider caves. Kids. (small coin reward)

After painstakingly making your way through the tight crevices, you find a small boy covered in cobwebs and crying. You pick him up and make your way out of the cave. Just as you exit, you hear a worrisome amount of scuttling behind you and a pack of spiders rush at you from the darkness! The boy screams and leaps out of your arms and runs to the hills, his sister not far behind. Now the spiders are YOUR problem. (Battle: spiders)

Refuse to help.

"Please, won't anyone save him?" she cries, breaking down into tears. You quietly slink away and continue onwards. I'm sure some other adventurers will help her out eventually.

Far in the distance, in a lush, green field, a dark spot catches your attention. It's a crater, roughly the size of a large home. As your eyes scan down the pit, you see a dim glint at the bottom of the crater. You descend down and, after digging through dirt, you find a piece of shimmering ore, its surface changing colors in the sunlight. Someone might find a use for this. (add starmetal ore to inventory)

Continue on your way.

A lone tower dots the otherwise unremarkable landscape. The spire is obviously old and worn-down, the parapets already crumbling. You enter and find a room almost completely barren, save for a table in the center. And skeletons. Three piles of bones, lying in crumpled heaps, surround the table, upon which rests a vial of golden liquid. Attached to the vial is a slip of parchment, simply reading, "Drink me."

Drink the liquid.

You press the vial to your lips, tilt your head back, and in one gulp, swallow the liquid. The fluid barely passes through your lips before you start to feel your own flesh sloughing off your bones. As your corpse falls to the ground, you have

just enough time to think, "Well, what did you think was going to happen?"  
(remove one party member)

Leave the tower.

Returning to the local forge, the ashen-faced and ginger-bearded blacksmith greets you from next to his anvil. You reach into your pack and remove the gleaming starmetal ore, showing it to the smith. He stares at it in awe for a moment, before grinning, snatching the ore from your hands, and running to the blazing forge. "Now, what would ye like?"

A mixing kit (Alchemist only)

A hammer (Paladin only)

A wand (Wizard only)

A dagger (Thief only)

A bow (Ranger only)

An axe (Barbarian only)

Fist weapons (Monk only) (Monk can use, despite passive)

A staff (Druid only)

A scythe (Necromancer only)

A flute (Bard only)

"Comin' right up," he replies, and almost before you know it, he returns from his workstation, newly forged weapon in hand. "Starmetal is very tough and makes for a good weapon. Use it well."

(Add starmetal weapon to inventory)

In the distance, you can see a huddled mass lying next to the road. After closer investigation, you realize it is, in fact, a man. He is unconscious and reeks of alcohol and urine. Obviously, tonight was not his night. You lean down next to the vagrant, attempting not to retch from the odor. "Excuse me, sir?" you whisper. He does not respond.

Poke the man.

Throwing caution to the wind, you prod the man firmly in his chest, and with a burp and a jump, the drunkard has awoken. He stares at you with one drooping eye, muttering, "Whuzzat?"

You reach into your coin bag and produce several silver coins. You place them into the hands of the man, who, although he is missing most of his

teeth, smiles at you. Before you have a chance to react, he grabs something from his grimy coat, slaps it into your hands and merrily skips away. You're perturbed, but grateful for your good karma. (add random minor item to inventory)

You reach into your bag and produce a large, nearly-full bottle of dwarven brandy, handing it to the awe-struck man. In one swift movement, he uncorks the bottle and downs half of the liquid inside. Following a healthy burp, the man looks at you and says, "You're my new best friend. I like you..." before trailing off and drifting back to sleep. You make sure he is okay before grabbing a small hat filled with coins by him. After all, that's what friends are for, right? (small coin reward)

Disgruntled, the man hurls something at you before sprinting away into a field. You don't know what he hit you with, but it was wet, viscous, and altogether unpleasant. (add random status ailment)

Leave the man be.

A lavishly-dressed man standing next to a broken carriage waves at you. His clothes, much like the armor of the armed guard accompanying him, are foreign to you, likely of some distant culture you've heard of somewhere before. He greets you warmly, "Although it is improper of me to ask, I must request your help. We were on our way to deliver the new wife of Vizier Al-Hazred when the wheel of our carriage broke. If you would repair it for me, you would be greatly rewarded."

Accept his offer.

"Your assistance is appreciated." Without another word, he strides away from you and tends to the carriage's horses. As you kneel down and begin to repair the wheel, you hear light tapping and the clinking of chains from inside the carriage. As you lean up to investigate, a voice whispers to you, "Please, you have to help me! Vizier Al-Hazred is a wicked man who would have me in chains for the rest of my life. Please save me!". The voice of the well-dressed man suddenly calls out from around the carriage, "What is taking so long?"

Finish fixing the wheel.

You tighten the final bolt and stand up, presenting your work to the man. He offers a practiced smile before saying, "Many thanks from the Vizier." He drops a sack into your hands and enter the carriage, which drives away. You can still hear the sound of screaming emanating from inside the carriage. You're sure she'll be okay. (add medium coin reward and a random armor to inventory)

Attack the man.

You grab the broken wheel and wait for the man to come around the carriage to investigate. As soon as his face appears, you smash it with the large wheel, instantly knocking him unconscious. However, the crashing sound of wood impacting flesh has roused the guards. They draw their weapons. This isn't going to be as easy as you initially thought. (battle)

Upon defeating the last of the guard, you reach into the pockets of the richly-dressed man and find a key, which you then use to unlock the chains of the bound woman in the carriage. She thanks you for saving her from such a cruel marriage and she leaps onto one of the horses. "My father will hear of your kindness," she says with a smile before riding off into the horizon.

You grab the broken wheel and wait for the man to come around the carriage to investigate. As soon as his face appears, you smash it with the large wheel, instantly knocking him unconscious. The guards, hearing the large impact, sprint into the distance and disappear beyond the horizon. Good help is so hard to find nowadays. You reach into his pockets and find a key, which you then use to unlock the chains of the bound woman in the carriage. She thanks you for saving her from such a cruel marriage and she leaps onto one of the horses. "My father will hear of your kindness," she says with a smile before riding off into the horizon.

Refuse.

#### **CONDITIONAL ON RESCUING PRINCESS:**

A man in gleaming blue armor marches up to you, followed by servants carrying a palanquin. "You are the heroes who rescued Princess Casima, are you not?" Before you can reply, he bows and gestures for the servants to relinquish their load. "The Land of the Green Isles is indebted to you." This must be the royal guard of the girl you rescued from arranged marriage. Sometimes getting your nose into other's business pays off. (large coin reward)

You arrive near a smoldering village. Many of the buildings have been torn down and there is no visible sign of life, although you do hear faint skittering from inside one of the few remaining homes.

Investigate the noise.

You slowly open the door, to find that the room is barren and empty. You could've sworn that you had heard something. (small coin reward)

You slowly open the door, and an adolescent scopolisk bursts out, stinging one of your party members. Dragging them outside of the building, it's evident that the scopolisk's poison is already seeping through their veins.

Continue.

"Scopolisks...why'd it have to be scopolisks..." they struggle to say before letting out one last breath. (remove one random party member)

Administer Antidote (if in inventory)

Luckily, they drank the draught before the venom had completely taken over them. That was a close one.

Grab some loot.

Deciding not to chance it, you run to the nearest ruined building and hastily grab some coins. (small coin reward)

A couple of farmers on a nearby stead, seeing you and your well-armed companions, bow to the ground and plead for mercy. "We surrender!" one says, while another cries, "Just take our money and let us live!" They must think you are mercenaries or bandits.

Explain that you're friendly.

Upon hearing this, the farmer relaxes and smiles at you, realizing he was mistaken. "If that's the case, sorry for the confusion, traveler. Here, have some of our goods anyways." They hand you a few wares and some coins. You feel all the better for it. (small coin reward and minor potion, antidote, or trap spring)

Accept their surrender.

The farmers empty their pockets and retreat into the stead. That was easy. (small coin reward)

A number of villagers wave to you as you pass by and you decide to see what the hubbub is. One of them, a portly man who must be the mayor, says, "We know you're on your way to rescue Princess Carina. Take this, it's the least we can do to help." They present you with a weapon. (small coin reward and add random weapon to inventory)

In the distance, you see the road ahead is blocked by a large cart. Several men with red bands around their arms surround the cart. Two are harassing an elderly man, throwing his bag back and forth while he attempts to reclaim it. The other men watch the scene and laugh. One red-banded man comes up to you and says, "Greetings, traveler, and welcome to our post. For a small fee, we'll let you go on your way."

Pay their toll.

“Many thanks, and safe travels,” he says, before signaling one man to move the cart out of the road. You’re able to continue on your journey. (remove small amount of coins)

Inquire about the old man.

“Well, some people don’t have enough gold to pay the toll, so we uh...pursue other manners of payment, if you get my meaning.” He looks back to the bullying and chuckles to himself.

Pay their toll.

“Many thanks, and safe travels,” he says, before signaling one man to move the cart out of the road. You continue on your journey. (remove small amount of coins)

Offer to pay the man’s toll.

“Hey, as long as I get paid.” He signals for the cart to be moved and strides over to the old man. “You’re good to go, pops.” He shoves the elder toward you and leaves. The old man smiles and thanks you for your generosity. “Here, it’s not much, but you’ll find it more valuable than they did,” the old man wheezes, placing some trap springs into your hand. (add trap springs to inventory)

Reject their offer.

The man smiles wickedly. “Too bad for you, friend. Boys!” The other men turn their attention away from the old man and begin advancing on you, weapons drawn. The old man takes the opportunity to flee. (battle: bandits)

Reject their offer.

“Too bad for you, friend. Boys!” The red-banded men pull out their weapons while, in the confusion, the bard manages to flee. (battle: bandits)

A traveling vendor hails the players and offers to sell them powerful magical items. He gestures over his table, presenting the various objects: boots of levitation, the rock of undead destruction, a vampire-repellant amulet, and many more magical trinkets. “They aren’t just some boots with large heels, or a large rock, or a string with garlic on it. No way,” he says with a grin. “Powerful magic in each one!” He waves one hand over a roulette wheel. “Just a few coins and a spin of the wheel, and you could be the owner of a powerful artifact!”

Take a chance at the wheel.

You deposit a small handful of coins into the vendor’s hand. Swiftly, he pockets the money, withdraws a small bead, and spins the wheel and pellet. The ball bounces

around and eventually settles in a pocket. The shopkeep's mouth curls into a smile. "Ooh, a marvelous ornament, if I may say so sir!" He picks up an object from the table and shoves it into your hands before you have a chance to see what it is. (add DoMT item)

#### DoMT Table

- All party gains one level
- One party member gains one level
- Slight increase to one stat (damage, evasion, accuracy, speed, health)
- Slight decrease to one stat
- All party loses one level
- One party member loses one level
- Fight a Wraith (hidden boss)
- Earn one random normal-level equipment (armor, weapon, accessory)
- Earn one magic equipment

Continue on your way.

Two brawny, bearded men approach you. "We're fighters in at the local arena, and we're looking to train with some new people. You look pretty tough. Wanna get in on this?" One of them gives you a friendly jab in the chest with his large hand. That hurt you more than you expected.

Agree to fight.

"Excellent! Let us know if we're going too hard on you." (battle)

(on winning) "My, that was a tough fight! I even started to sweat a little," one of the burly men roars. "Come by again and let's do this again sometime!" He tosses some armor your way, and you manage to catch it. It's always nice to impress the big boys. (add random armor to inventory)

Decline to fight.

"It's you!" you hear a squeaking voice cry out. Suddenly, before you realize what's happening a crowd of children begin rushing toward you. Many of them hold pieces of paper, asking for autographs. You've always wanted to be famous, now's your chance! You reach into your bag for some ink and a quill, and as you gaze back up, the herd of children run to the gorgeous man in shining silver armor, astride a white horse, traveling behind you. How long has he been there?

A hobbit stands at the side of the road. Next to him is a vending cart, full of multicolored candies on sticks. He beams at you as you pass by. "Just one coin each," says the hobbit, "All proceeds go to support the Lollipop Guild."

Purchase a candy.

You give a coin to the hobbit and he hands you a rather large, bright green candy. Licking the treat, you expect to be imparted with some magical properties. Instead, you're just imparted with the delicious flavor of apple.

Decline.

A group of heavily armored town guards wanders the streets, dragging behind them a cart filled with swords, maces, axes, and the like. On the cart is a sign that reads, "Swords for Cash Program." One of the guards, covered head-to-toe in plate armor, approaches you. "We're trying to clear the town of harmful weaponry. Won't you help?" he asks.

Trade a weapon. (only available if you have an unequipped weapon in inventory)

Reaching into your pack, you remove a weapon that hasn't seen much use and toss it into the cart. The armored guard grabs a handful of coins from the purse on his waist and places them in your hand. "The kingdom will be a much safer place when we're through." Wishful thinking?

Try to steal a weapon.

(more likely if the thief is in the party) You vigorously shake your head and decline. As the guard turns away from you, you sidle up to the cart and remove a weapon from within. One man's trash is another man's treasure. (add weapon to inventory)

You vigorously shake your head and decline. As the guard turns away from you, you walk up to the cart and reach in, trying to remove some of its contents. "Hey!" One of the guards has caught sight of you and approaches. "Are you seriously trying to steal from the town guard?" Your face blushes a furious shade of red. Some kind of hero you are.

Decline.

In the distance, you hear the clanging and rattling of chains. As you proceed down your way, you catch sight of what's making that noise. A large line of men and women, imprisoned in irons, shuffle down the dirt path, while watched on all sides by several bandits, wearing red bands on their arms. You attempt to skulk away, but one of the bandits turns to face you. A wide grin stretches across his face, allowing you to see his missing teeth. "Looks like some new product," he mutters before sharply whistling, and is joined by a small number of the bandits. They all begin to approach you.

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skulk away, but one of the bandits turns to face you. A wide grin stretches across his face, allowing you to see his missing teeth. "Looking to buy?" he asks. "Got a number of good'uns here."

Purchase a slave.

You pass a sack of coins to the slaver, who takes a moment to weigh it in his hand. "Works for me," he says. He walks over to the throng, unlocks the clasps from a woman, and shoves her toward you. "No refunds!" he calls back, now walking in-pace with the marching band. The woman looks up at you with solemn eyes. She asks, "What would you have me do?"

Instruct her to fight for you.

You tell the woman she now will fight alongside you, passing her a small knife from your inventory. She stares at it for a moment before nodding and taking the blade. (gain a weak companion)

Inform her that she's now free.

"Bless your heart!" she shouts and hastily embraces you. "Here, it's not much, but it's the only thing I have left. Please have it." She shoves something into your hand and begins sprinting toward the nearest town. How generous of you. (add minor item to inventory)

Decline.

The slaver shrugs. "Suit yourself," he says, before returning to the slow-marching horde. Contributing to the burgeoning slave market really isn't your thing.

Free the slaves.

You inform the slaver that the people in his charge deserve freedom. After all, everyone deserves the rights to life, liberty, and property. The slaver, however, isn't convinced. "Poor choice, mate," he replies before sharply whistling and drawing a weapon. A small band of the bandits quickly joins him.

In front of you, the road ahead forks off into two directions. You take out your map and inspect the intersection you've just reached, only you're unable to find it. You're able to find your location on the map, but the left-hand path isn't drawn on your chart.

Take the right path.

You better not risk it. After all, cartography is a trusted institution. You walk down the right-hand path.

Take the left path.

The road less traveled is often the more interesting one. Especially if the less-traveled one didn't exist until recently. You walk down the left-hand path.

The road less traveled is often the more interesting one. Especially if the less-traveled one didn't exist until recently. You walk down the left-hand path and before long, a troupe of bandits pop out of a shrub. It's an ambush! If only you could've anticipated this...

In the distance, you see a number of townsfolk standing in the path. In front of them is a fallen tree, its massive trunk blocking the only road. Some of the locals try to pull it with ropes, to no avail. One of them approaches you. "Sorry, path's closed. You're going to have to find another way around, until we can move this thing out of the way."

Offer to help move the tree.

(low chance) You hitch your own series of ropes and chains to the tree and, with all of your (and your companions') might, you manage to drag the tree off of the road and into a nearby ditch. The locals wipe their brows, thanking you for the assistance. And now that the path is clear, your adventure can continue.

You hitch your own series of ropes and chains to the tree, and with all of your might, you attempt to drag the tree out of the road. Unfortunately, it's far too heavy for you. Maybe you shouldn't have skipped those days in the training facility? At least you tried, and that's all anyone can really ask of you.

Turn around.

You gather your things and backtrack, eventually finding yourself on a path that circumvents the obstruction. (lose time)

You find a well-worn, if somewhat rusted, blade buried in a stone off the main path. It hasn't been disturbed for years. The adage of "Finders keepers" pops into your head.

Remove the sword.

You grip the haft of the blade and remove it from its rocky tomb. You sense a slight burning sensation in your palm as you hold it. It's probably nothing to worry about. (add sword, permanent stat reduction)

Leave the sword.

Better just leave it be. You don't know where it's been.

You find yourself in the midst of a heavily-wooded forest. Thickets of overbearing trunks surround you on all sides. After a moment, you realize that you've definitely passed that moss-covered stone at least once before. You must have been wandering in this forest for what feels like hours, but the deeper you progress through the trees, the more similar everything looks. You decide to stop and see four paths through the trees. (north, west, south, west, master sword)

Go north.

Go west.

Go east.

Go south.

(if the correct path is chosen) The path splits once more into four directions. (pick north, west, east, or south once more)

(if all correct paths are inputted) Parting open a particularly large bush, you find yourself in a wide hollow. Groups of squirrels and birds quickly flee as you enter. Something in the distance glints and catches your eye. Striding over to it, you find a gleaming sword embedded in a stone pedestal. This place hasn't been touched for years. You quickly put an end to that by grabbing the haft of the sword and removing it from its base. Inexplicably, you feel a sense of mastery flowing through you. (add magic sword to inventory)

(if the incorrect path is chosen) You part open a particularly large bush and find yourself at the forest's edge. Well, that was easier than anticipated.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

A robed conjurer stands in the center of the packed crowd of inn patrons. He waves his hands in grand gestures, performing feats of minor prestidigitation. Not quite impressed, you instead scan the crowd and notice two gnolls picking pockets and cutting purses. They must be confederates of this performer.

Attack the cutpurses.

You draw your weapons and exclaim that the mage is nothing more than a thief. People within the crowd pat themselves down and notice that their pockets and purses are considerably lighter. The wizard cries out in rage and sprints toward you, followed by his companions. The crowd quickly disperses as you find yourself in the midst of a battle.

Enjoy the show.

Better to not draw attention. After all, they seem smart enough not to rob armed patrons. You watch as the wizard shoots sparks from his hands and applaud when appropriate.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

As you recline upon a fine wooden chair, a purring tabby cat strolls up to you. It must be the innkeeper's.

Pet the cat.

The cat winds itself between your legs, curling its tail around your calves.

The cat jumps into your lap and lies down, an adorable pile of fluff.

The cat gives an affectionate meow while slowly blinking at you, a sign of endearment.

(after petting the cat five+ times) After a while, the cat begins to strut toward the inn's door, but pauses. It looks back to you, waiting for something. You stand and decide to follow the cat outside. It leads you to a nearby field and stops in front of a broken lockbox. The cat places its paw on the box and then taps your leg. It's giving you a gift. How sweet. (add minor weapon to inventory)

Shoo the cat.

The cat hisses and sprints away. Mangy animals could carry diseases!

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

The kindly old innkeeper hobbles toward you. "Welcome," he says, "Come, sit, enjoy some soup!" You follow him into the inn, as he leads you to a table dressed in a white linen. Upon the table are bowls of a rich yellow soup. "You look freezing. Please, have some of our famous soup and warm up."

Accept his offer.

"Wonderful!" You sit at the table, grip a silver spoon, and ladle some of the broth into your mouth. Wow! Compliments to the chef. It's unlike anything you've ever tasted before, savory yet light, with a flavor you can't quite put your finger on. However, there's a lingering aftertaste at the back of your mouth that's rather off-putting. "What do you think?"

Tell him it's delicious.

"I'm glad you like it," he rasps, reaching behind his back. "I'm still tweaking the spices, but the protein is the most important part." He draws a cleaver from behind him, eying you with ominous eyes. "Always a fresh supply here..." You quickly stand, draw your weapon, and attack the cannibal. (combat: cannibal)

Tell him about the aftertaste.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he says in a sympathetic tone. "The flavor takes a little while to get used to..." His voice trails away and you notice his lips watering. "But apart from that, how was it?"

Tell him it's delicious. (see above)

Ask to leave.

Ask to leave.

The innkeeper throws his head back and screams an unworldly screech, charging at you with a cleaver. "FLESH STAYS!" (combat: cannibal)

Refuse his offer.

"I insist. Travelers like you can use the nourishment." He beams a wrinkled smile at you.

Accept his offer. (see above)

Refuse offer.

His face becomes suddenly more sullen, the wrinkles in his face deepening into canyons. "I insist," he repeats. It's obvious that you won't be able to refuse him.

Accept his offer. (see above)

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

You relax in plush chairs beside a crackling fireplace. As you lean into the soft material and bask in fire's warmth, a glow on the mantle catches your eye. The dull sword resting above the fireplace emanates a slight aura.

Wave the innkeeper over.

You raise your hand and catch the attention of the portly man behind the inn's desk. He walks over to you and you inquire about the sword. "That old thing? Never been sharp, even after grinding the blade down for a day. I just like keeping it above the fire now."

Ask to buy it.

"Sure, it'll be 50 gold." You ask about the ludicrous price, to which he simply replies, "Demand suddenly skyrocketed."

Purchase the sword.

Begrudgingly, you remove a large handful of coins from your pack and place it inside of a pouch, which you then hand to the innkeeper. He gives you a furtive nod before you grab the weapon from the mantle. (add low-quality sword to inventory)

Decline.

"Then why ask in the first place. Adventurers and all of their questions..." The innkeeper mumbles to himself as he walks away, leaving you alone by the fireside.

Return to relaxing.

You thank the innkeeper for his time as you sink deeper into the armchair.

Ignore it.

It's probably just a trick of the light, you tell yourself as you relax in the fire's presence.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

You've long-since retired to your room. The worries of the world seem to melt away as you rest upon your soft, downy bed. However, it only feels as though you had slept for a moment before the door explodes open. A well-armed man, weapon drawn, storms into your room, exclaiming, "Don't move! I've...crap, wrong room," before hastily exiting.

Talk to him.

You hop out of bed, rush toward the well-armed man, and inquire why he's banging down doors in the middle of night. The man scratches his beard and replies, "I heard tell that the thief Balthasar was hiding in this inn, and I believed I had tracked him to that room. I guess I was incorrect." He had just finished his sentence before, across the hallway, a hooded man carrying a large sack skulks out of a room and creeps toward a window. The creaking of the floorboards alerts the bearded man, however, and he moves to attack the thief.

Join the battle.

You decide to assist the man, drawing your weapons. The burglar drops his bag and unsheathes two daggers, ready to strike.

Go back to sleep.

This really isn't your concern. You retreat back to your room, falling back asleep to the sounds of battle.

Attack him.

You hop out of the bed and charge at the well-armed man. He turns around to see you and your companions, dressed in pajamas and wielding weapons. "Of all the luck..." he sighs.

Go back to sleep.

Why does this sort of thing keep happening to me, you think as you drift back to sleep. Maybe tomorrow will be a more normal day?

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

The moment you enter the door, you hear holy chanting loudly emanating from within. Your eyes catch sight of a white-robed man, preaching about goodness to the inn's patrons, while drinking heavily from a tankard. The innkeeper stands near the entry door, scowling at the holy man. "Been here all night, drinking and shouting gospels. I'd throw him outta here, but the law states you can't manhandle a person of the faith."

Abate the innkeeper.

You assure the innkeeper that if the inn's customers were truly unhappy about the enlightened fellow, they'd make more of a ruckus. "I suppose you're right," the innkeeper grunts, "Just don't see why he has to do it here."

Talk to the holy man.

You walk over to the holy man. "And Light be upon you," he says to you, hiccupping and slurring his words. "Have you come to hear of the salvation?"

Ask him to preach.

"Another servant of holiness!" He grabs and places you in a tight embrace, spilling foamy liquid on your clothes. The innkeeper continues to huff and puff in the corner as the holy man, now giggling, rambles on about the state of the world. It would be rude of you to get up and leave.

Ask him to quiet down.

His reddened and cheery face suddenly sulks down into a frown. "And who are all of you, to abandon the right path? I know there are those who will listen." He stumbles across the inn and makes his way out of the door. The innkeeper, now sporting a smile of his own, thanks you for ridding him of the headache.

Throw out the holy man.

Striding over to the holy man, he opens his arms warmly toward you, and without hesitation, you grab him by the collar and drag him to the entryway. "Demons! Foul monsters!" he shouts as you fling him through the doorframe and into the muddy street, dirtying his immaculate robes. The innkeeper looks down at him for a moment before laughing and slamming the door closed. At least now, it's reasonably quiet inside.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Outside of the inn stands a shapely woman, dressed in next-to-nothing. She beckons you over. "Come spend the night here," she says in a silken voice, "My friends would just love to meet you." From within the building, you can hear the telltale sounds of giggling and moaning. It sounds like your kind of party.

Join the courtesan.

Against your better judgment, you stroll up the stairs to the inn and follow the swaying hips of the woman inside. Once your eyes snap away from her, however, your focus falls on the people inside of the inn. It takes a second for you to register the horns, wings, and hooves that many of the customers seem to be sporting. Turning around, you see the woman, now sprouting similar appendages, grinning at you with fanged teeth. "Relax, I'll take care of you..."

Decline.

Sticking to better judgment, you realize it's probably a better idea to get a real night's sleep. You continue your search for another inn, while the woman turns away from you and keeps her eyes on the horizon, waiting for new patrons.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Although all of the lights are on, the door to the inn is locked. You stand there, knocking, until the telltale click is heard. When the innkeeper finally opens the door, you are stunned to notice a swarm of rats covering him from head to toe. He falls at your feet and the rats turn their attention to you.

You decide to rest for the night and enter a nearby inn.

Sitting at a nearby table, you're surprised to see a demon walking over to you, tray of drinks in hand. Without saying a word, the demon places tankards in front of you and your companions before moving to the next group. You manage to pull your eyes away and gaze at the oily liquid within your mug. Demon brewmasters are said to make some delicious ales, each uniquely different, so you take your chances, throw your head back, and down the drink in one gulp. You feel a growing warmth within your belly. (add random magical effect)

You come to the edge of a wide ravine. A deep river fills the ravine beneath you. You scan around, attempting to find a point of crossing, but to your dismay, you only see a pair of posts with tattered ropes. The bridge must have collapsed at some point.

Gaze into the ravine.

You peek your head over the edge and look down at the river below. The current is visibly strong, eroding parts of the ravine wall as you watch. It's probably not a smart idea to swim across. (return to options)

Try grappling across.

Reaching into your pack, you find a grappling hook attached to a frayed rope. It's not perfect, but it will have to do. You swing the hook and cast it across the ravine. It catches on one of the bridge posts on the opposite side. Carefully, you begin to rappel across the river, your weight bending and pulling at the already weak rope. You force

yourself to not look down and, before you realize it, you've made it across. Whew! What a relief.

Reaching into your pack, you find a grappling hook attached to a frayed rope. It's not perfect, but it will have to do. You swing the hook and cast it across the ravine. It catches on one of the bridge posts on the opposite side. Carefully, you begin to rappel across the river, your weight bending and pulling at the already weak rope. You force yourself to not look down and, before you realize it, you've made it across. As your companions follow however, the rope begins to break! One of your followers manages to make it to the edge of the ravine before the rope snaps. The other, however, plummets into the water below and is immediately pulled down by the undertow. They do not reemerge. (lose one companion)

Find another way around.

You adjust the weight on your pack and start following the ravine down one side, keeping an eye out for any other way to cross the bridge. After some time, you find an opulently carved stone bridge, emblazoned with a brass plaque reading, "The Princess Carina Honorarium Bridge." You feel a twinge in your stomach, wondering how much time you spent finding this route and whether the princess is still well.

A robed cleric stands at the side of the road. His long white beard and flowing white robes are stained with mud and other fluids you don't want to even know about. "Might you spare some food and water to a humble servant of the Lord?" he asks.

Give him some of your food.

You reach into your pack and find an unopened box of rations. You present it to the cleric, hoping it will suffice. "Better than nothing, I suppose," he sighs. He raises his own hands and offers unto you a prayer. "In these times, may the darkness of Yg'sothoth, Lord of Nightmares, guide you," he says before disappearing into mist. That wasn't the type of Lord you were expecting. (minor stat buff and minor stat debuff)

Give him some gold.

You deposit a fistful of coins into the cleric's outstretched hands and point him in the direction of the nearest town. His face brightens as it reflects the gold coins now in his possession. "You truly are a blessed follower of the Lord. May Yg'sothoth, Lord of Nightmares, bolster your spirit," he says before disappearing into the mist. That wasn't the type of Lord you were expecting. (major stat buff)

Deny him.

His wizened face suddenly takes on a malicious expression. "Your kind will be among the first to feel Yg'sothoth's wrath," he glowers. Before you can respond, he disappears into a puff of mist. Hopefully this Yg'sothoth isn't too wrathful. (major stat debuff)

In the distance, you hear a series of barks and yells. Approaching the noise, you find a group of wolves snarling and snapping at a young man, his clothes in tatters. "You there!" he shouts as you come into sight. "Aid me in fending off these beasts! You will be handsomely compensated!"

Assist the man.

You draw your weapons and attract the attention of the wolves. Foaming at the mouth, they turn to you. (battle: wolves)

As the last wolf is slain, the young man approaches you. "Many thanks," he pants between hurried breaths. "A promise is a promise. Here." He drops a bag of coins at your feet. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must go find some new pants..."

Walk away.

He's taken care of himself so far. Maybe the next group of adventurers will stop to help.

Your journey has been thankfully uneventful for quite some time. That is, until you hear faint obscenities in the distance. The faint voice becomes louder and louder, and you suddenly see a fanatic old man, waving his arms above his head, running to your direction. Between stringing together words too vulgar to repeat, he shouts, "He comes for you!" The man soon sprints past you and runs off into the distance, continuing to babble incoherently. That was certainly odd.

Off in the horizon, you see a massive stone tower. As evidenced by the moss and ivy growing up the walls all the way to the spire, it must have been abandoned for quite some time. You approach the tower and find its entrance, a heavy metal door. You jiggle the handle but the door refuses to budge.

Attempt to break down the door.

Curiosity gets the better of you. You take some steps backward and ready yourself before charging at the door shoulder-first. You collide with the metal barrier and feel all the bones in your shoulder shatter in an instant. What did you expect would happen? Clutching at your shoulder, you limp away from the tower. Perhaps there's treasure to be found elsewhere.

Curiosity gets the better of you. You take some steps backward and ready yourself before charging at the door shoulder-first. You collide with the metal barrier and its rusted hinges give way. You find yourself unable to stop and soon charge into the stone wall. Once you've found your bearings, you notice that the stairway leading up has long since collapsed, but find a meager pile of equipment littered across the floor.

Attempt to unlock the door.

Curiosity gets the better of you. You reach into your bags and extract a trap spring. These things work well on the miniscule parts of traps, who's to say they won't work here? You insert the trap spring into the lock of the door and fumble around with it for a

few moments. Before too long, the trap spring snaps in your fingers, the half inside the lock irretrievable. Oh well, it was worth a shot.

Curiosity gets the better of you. You reach into your bags and extract a trap spring. These things work well on the miniscule parts of traps, who's to say they won't work here? You insert the trap spring into the lock of the door and fumble around with it for a few moments. Before too long, the trap spring clicks into place and the door slowly swings open. You enter the tower and notice that the stairway leading up has long since collapsed, but find a meager pile of equipment littered across the floor.

Leave.

While making your way through a busy street, an unsavory-looking man with long, greasy hair approaches you. He extends his hand toward you, holding a pouch. "Here, you dropped this," he mumbles. The pouch doesn't look particularly familiar, but you have so many at this point, who knows?

Take the pouch.

You snatch the pouch from his hand and give thanks to the man. He bows his head slightly and skulks away into the crowded street. At least you've reclaimed your bag of deer eyeballs...wait, why would you have a bag of deer eyeballs?

Offer a reward.

You take the pouch from the man and thank him, offering to pay some compensation in return. The greasy-haired man shakes his head. "No, after all, kindness is its own just reward," he says before skulking away into the crowded street. How generous. At least you've reclaimed your bag of deer eyeballs...wait, why would you have a bag of deer eyeballs?

Decline.

"Are you sure?" he asks, then shrugs. "Suit yourself." Without another word, he skulks away into the crowded street.

You see a wrinkled and wizened old man, sitting at the side of the street mumbling to himself. Next to him sits a beaten tin cup with a few copper pieces. On his other side is a sign that reads, "Take one if you need one."

Take a copper.

You reach into the tin cup and pluck from it a single, copper coin. Without looking at you, the man nods his head.

Take the tin.

You sidle up to the man, making it seem as though you're only going to take a single coin. However, you snatch the entire cup and sprint away before the elder can react. After all, you obviously need those coins more than anyone else.

Leave.

A black-cloaked woman approaches you in the street. She gives a deep bow and introduces herself as "The Dark Assassin". She then asks you where the local magistrate is, so that she can turn herself in.

Point her in the direction of the magistrate.

You give her directions toward the nearest town's magistrate. She bows deeply once more. "Here, you will need these more than I now," she says, depositing a pair of blades before you.

Claim to be the local law enforcement.

She tilts her head inquisitively and then kneels before you. "You've no doubt heard of the many atrocities I've committed. What shall my sentence be?"

Pay a fine.

"I've earned much gold for my services. It's only right that I return it."  
She drops a large coin purse in front of you before walking into the horizon. Who says that crime doesn't pay?

Community service.

"I've hurt so many people. It's only right that I should assist them. I will go to the nearest town and help them however I can." She stands up and begins making her way to a nearby village.

A shabbily-dressed man hastily approaches you and your companions, seemingly from nowhere. With a rag in one hand and a suds-filled bucket in the other, he speedily washes your armor. Once he is finished, he extends a hand outward, as if he is expecting payment.

Pay the man.

Even though you never asked for his services, you reach into your coin purse and procure a small handful of coins, which you place into the man's hand. Without another word, he runs off to find someone else to wash. At least your armor is much cleaner now.

Refuse to pay.

He scowls. "What, after I washed your armor?" You point out that you never asked him to wash your armor, to which he simply splashes the entire sudsy bucket over you. Well, that takes care of having to bathe this week.

A group of peasants, all dressed in patchwork clothing, approaches you and starts yelling "Hail to the King." They begin to bow and faun over you in the middle of the street.

Inform him that you are not king.

You point out to the group that you are, indeed, not royalty. In stunned surprise, they all arise and begin talking over one another. You can hear one voice clearly above the rest. "But if you're not the king, why are you dressed so nice?" The crowd, then, slowly disperses.

Bask in glory.

Rather than ruin the fun, you strike a heroic pose as the peasants prostrate themselves before you, lauding praises. It's good to be the king.

A group of men and women of varying ages approach you. All of them, from the youngest child to the oldest senior, carry packs across their backs. One member of the group, a woman with red hair, talks to you. "We're travelers from the east. Might you accompany us?"

Offer to lead them to town.

"Bless your heart, kind stranger," she says, after you agree to join the group. Everyone readjusts their bags and you begin down the road to the nearest town. It's a quiet and uneventful journey, but as you rise over the crest of a hill and catch sight of a local village, you also hear the sound of vicious roars. A troupe of bandits has found you. It was too good to be true.

After the last bandit perishes, the red-haired woman approaches you yet again. "It'll be safe enough for us to make it from here. Many thanks once more." She unclasps a coin purse from her side and hands it to you as reward.

Sell them some weapons.

She sighs. "We'll take whatever help we can get." You hand to her what few unused arms are in your own pack and trade them for a healthy amount of coins.

Wish them luck.

Her expressions quickly changes into a scowl. "Luck is not what we need. Protection is." Sheesh, you were just trying to be nice.

A portly man, sporting a thick moustache and a flour-dusted apron, waves you over. "If you're traveling to the north, would you deliver this to a customer?" he asks in a singsong voice, producing a basket of freshly baked goods. The scents of breads and sweets fill your nostrils and you begin to drool. "No sampling!" he adds, noticing your mastication.

Accept the delivery.

He shoves the basket into your arms. "Make haste, before they get too cold!"

You find yourself in a small town, inhabited by only a few houses. A portly man with a thick moustache approaches you. "I see my brother has opted for new delivery men," he says. "Didn't tell you about the last ones, did he? Good thing you didn't sample any of it." He plucks a roll from the basket and engulfs it in a single bite.

Refuse.

Outside of a cavernous entrance to the chambers of a large mountain stands an explorer, outfitted head to toe in climbing gear. "Just discovered a new path through the cave system. Help me get to the end of it, and I'll split whatever we find in there."

Join the spelunker.

The spelunker strikes up a torch and leads the way into the cave. Within minutes, the only source of light becomes the flame of the torch as you travel deeper and deeper into the musty and dank cavern. After hours, you see a gleam of light. In a central chamber, surrounded by a dark chasm, stands a golden idol. Without hesitation, the spelunker jumps at the statue and grasps it, but fails to notice the shifting rocks beneath their feet. The explorer slips and falls, clinging to the edge of the crevasse. The golden statue teeters on the brink next to them.

Save the explorer.

You jump over the chasm and pull the spelunker up by the wrist, all the while watching as the gilded statue tumbles and disappears into the void. "Thanks mate," the explorer says, "Saved my life there. Here, for all the trouble. Especially since we couldn't save that idol." You exit the cave from the way you entered.

Save the statue.

You jump over the chasm and grab the gilded statue. The explorer screams, "That was my find!" before falling and disappearing into the darkness. While you know that the idol does belong in a museum, you will probably be able to find a more financially grateful owner. You exit the cave from the way you entered.

Continue on your journey.

While walking through town, a group of filthy urchins surrounds you, tugging at your clothes. One, between snuffles, asks, "Could you get our ball? It landed on that shop's roof." He points to a derelict-

looking building, at the top of which you can see a bright red ball. Asking why they can't get it, you only hear mumbles about the disgruntled shopkeep.

Help them.

You crawl up the wall of the shop and reach the roof. Many holes on the roof's floor allow you to peer into the store below. Suddenly, a broom sticks up through one of the holes, and you hear an elderly woman shout, "Get off me store, you punk!" She swats at you as you dodge the attacks, extract the ball, and make your way safely down to the ground below. The kids cheer and praise you as a hero for retrieving their ball. Sometimes, heroic actions don't need to be big.

Shoo them.

Don't these kids know that you're on an important mission? They sure do now, as you announce the fact to them and depart.

A young woman, filthy, covered in small cuts, and naked save for a fox's tail tied around her waist, comes panting over the hill toward you and hides behind some nearby trees. What a strange sight. A minute or so later, a group of well-dressed nobles on horseback appears. With a chuckle, one of them asks, "Have you seen a fox passing through?"

Claim you haven't seen one.

You shrug and wish them luck on their hunt as they trot away. Once the area is clear of nobles, you gesture for the young woman to leave her hiding spot. She approaches you and thanks you in a hurried, quiet voice. Sporting events amongst the upper-class surely are odd.

Point to the young woman.

You point over to the trees by which the woman is hiding. She yelps and sprints away, pursued by the nobles and their horses. One nobleman stays behind to grant you a reward. Who knew hunting could be so easy?

Just outside of the town's border, you see a magistrate overseeing an argument between two well-to-do peasants. As you approach, both parties catch sight of you. The older peasant wheezes, "Adventurers, represent me in a trial by combat so that I might prove this man a cheater." "No, represent me, and you'll be granting justice to this liar!" the younger peasant responds.

Ask for the details.

You turn to the magistrate and ask him about what has occurred. "It appears as though these two men were gambling over a game of Kings. Morrington claims that young Hedger peeked into his hand at the last turn and cheated him out of a rather hefty pot. The two began fighting, and here we all are."

Inquire the magistrate's opinion.

"Oh, me? I don't know, I just about gave you all of the information at my disposal. You look capable enough to solve this dilemma however."  
Just like the local law to be unhelpful. (return to root menu)

Represent the older peasant.

You decide to represent Morrington, the elderly peasant, in a trial by combat. Hedger, gulping, picks up a measly wooden club. The moment you swing at him, he cowers into a fetal position, screaming, "I yield!" Morrington chuckles as the magistrate deposits a coin payment into his hand, a portion of which is given to you. Justice has been served.

Represent the younger peasant.

You decide to represent Hedger, the young peasant, in a trial by combat. Morrington grunts at you and waves his cane. "Shake down an old man? Bah, you're useless. Just keep the damn pot," he says, scuttling away. Hedger beams at you, rewarding you with a portion of his reward. Justice has been served.

Refuse.

On the horizon, you notice a party of three well-armed figures heading in your direction. As they get closer, you recognize one of them from the crowd outside of King Calvin's castle. He catches a glimpse of you, too, and approaches. "You're the ones after the Princess? Lucky for the King that I changed my mind. No way could runts like you get the job done." His brutish companions chuckle in response. "Last one to Malethrax's keep is a rotten ghoul!"

Wish them luck.

"We don't need luck. It isn't one of the primary stats!" the group's leader chortles as he and his companions sidle past you and disappear beyond the horizon once more. You ponder his peculiar words.

Challenge them to a duel.

"Very well. If you choose to lay your lives before us, so be it," he says, as the three draw their weapons. Time to prove who the best heroes-for-hire are!

In a village square, a longhaired man in a faded purple suit stands next to a wagon, proclaiming the virtues of his newly-brewed 'miracle elixir.' The mountebank holds a bottle of green liquid, calling out to the crowd to test its effects themselves. That is, until he catches sight of you. "You, yes, you! The one with all the weapons! Come right up and try Dr. Talleroy's Prime Panacea!"

Assist in the demonstration.

What's the worst that could happen? You stride up next to Dr. Talleroy and take a gulp of the bottle he hands to you. You try to stifle your disgusted expression as the vile mixture makes its way through your gullet. "You see here? By drinking the Prime Panacea, this hero has cured his gout!" How fortunate. You didn't even know you had gout. You stumble away to find a good spot to vomit on as a crowd now surrounds the wagon.

Ruin the demonstration.

As you walk up next to Dr. Talleroy, he hands you a bottle of his famed cure-all. You weigh it in your hand for a moment before smashing it against the wood of his cart. The few people gathered around gasp as the wood begins to melt. As the crowd disperses from the disintegrating wagon, the charlatan flees the town. You've always hated con men.

Refuse.

A torrential rain spills down on you and it doesn't seem to be letting up any time soon. The nearest shelter you can find is the half-rotten ruin of a fortress, its stones crumbling and foundations moldy. You enter the shell of the great hall and, to your surprise, you see a number of ghosts floating about. One specter hovers down to you and moans, "Greetings, weary travelers. We'd be willing to trade information about the surrounding area." You reach to your coin purse. "No, no, gold will not be necessary. Just a few drops of your blood, on the pewter dish," the ghost says, pointing to a sole silver plate.

Trade blood for information.

You walk over to the dish and unsheathe your knife, dragging the blade across your palm and letting the blood drip onto the silver surface. The ghostly greeter sighs in relief. "Most delicious...as for your information, you should travel to Goram's Hold, just east of here. They'll be willing to trade you for money." You wrack your brain, remembering that Goram's Hold was torn down over one-hundred years ago. Stupid ghosts and their outdated information.

Decline.

Suddenly, the other ghosts glide down to you. "Leave us," they chant in an ominous tone. It would probably be a good idea to find shelter elsewhere, even if it means catching a cold. You scamper out of the fortress.

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(druid acquire quest) You find yourself in a forest. The dense thicket of trees surround you, obscuring the horizon. Below you, the well-trodden path disappears into grass. Now how will you get out? As you continue forward into the woodland, you feel a weight lifting from your shoulders and your soul. You are at peace. Your eyes follow a soft green glow, which surrounds a (man or woman?) dressed in mossy and earthy robes. He/she kneels before a stone altar, an offering of berries and leaves upon it. This druid is

no doubt performing a cleansing ceremony. "It is fortuitous that you've arrived," he/she says, "Aid me in cleansing this grove of corruption." You ask what it is that warps the forest. He/she points behind you. "That, for starters." Good going, you were careless and let a demon sneak up on you! (minboss: demon)

As the demon's remains crumble into ash, the druid approaches your group. "Many thanks in aiding me purify this place. These lands are filled with malfeasance and I would be honored if I could assist you in the riding of it." (unlock druid) (potentially add more but not sure what)

Bedrest is a fine way to end a long day, and your search for lodging is at an end. In this small hamlet, you find a raucous inn, filled to the brim with wild, imbibed patrons. As you approach the door, a short man in gaudy clothing flies from the entryway and lands in the street, shortly followed by a beat-up guitar. The bard stands up, inspecting his instrument for any new damages, and then notices you. "Noble heroes, I beg your pardon. Some brash thugs have taken over the tavern and made off with my lover! We have to stop them!" You enter through the door, and in front of you, men with red bands around their arms batter the patrons and grope at spurning barmaids. The largest such of these men, gripping a young woman in a pink dress by her arm, stands up from his booth. "This here's a private party. Boys, get the raff out!"

The few hooligans left flee out of the inn door. The innkeeper rises from behind the bar, brandishing a broom and waving at the remaining customers within the inn, shouting, "That's it! I've had enough! Get out, everyone! We're closed!" Along with the dozy and drunk patrons, you find yourself back in the street. The bard strides over to the pink-dressed girl. "My love, I'm so glad you're safe," he croons. "Love? We just met!" she yells back at him. "Yes, but give me until the morning and you'll love me." Rather than respond with words, the woman slaps the bard across the face and stomps away. "That's rather unfortunate," he says as he massages his cheek. "So, where are we off to, lads?" It's obvious that you won't be able to shake him. (unlock bard)